

PS
3505
C8995d

A
0
0
0
9
1
9
7
7
7
3



US SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

ornia
al
r



M. A. CUMING



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

THE REASON FOR IT.

A BRIEF European tour, enjoyed during the summer of 1900, in company of my elder brother James, of Melbourne, who met me at Glasgow, with memories of youthful aspirations recalled by scenes and circumstances incident to our itinerary, gave birth to inspirations resulting in "The Drummer Boy."

While aware that "The Drummer Boy" will be of little interest to the present generation, the hope that some few copies of my little poem may fall into the hands of other elderly men who have lived those days, "When the heart beat high and true," with the warlike and patriotic fervor of high-blooded youth, gray beards now, but to whom memories of the "Peninsula, Waterloo, Sebastopol and India," "Wherever were England's wars," brings fire to the eye and color to the brow, then will I be happy indeed, for in these will be found spirits akin to my own.



Following the heading "Brussels," my brother, "Dearest of kin to my heart," is presumed to take up the story, as one who has been over the ground before, and who evinces strong British resentment at Belgic attitude during the South African War then raging.

My "Sergeant of the Line" came to the village of Ellon by the Ythan on recruiting service during the Kaffir War of 1852; hence, "The Transvaal swallowed Jock." The names and nicknames of the other "Wild ranting young diels" are those of young villagers and yokels of the time and place, excepting "Mack, bugler,

the Sixty-fourth," who guarded the unhorsed Outram during the night melee of Kushab Wells, and who afterward served under Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell through the Indian Mutiny. Captain McKenzie is still living at Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada. The "Others I may not name" refer to deserters from Her Britannic Majesty's forces stationed in Canada during the American Civil War.

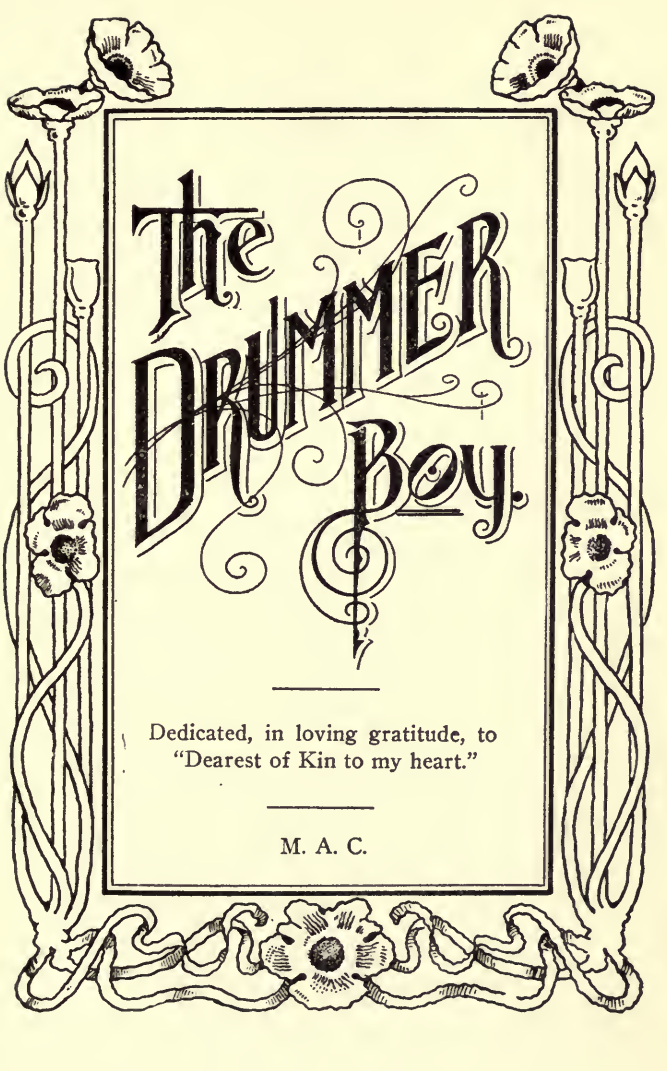
"When the noble Cathcart fell."—We have authority of Todleben, that after being twice repulsed and all the commissioned officers killed or disabled, the soldiers of Cathcart's Brigade, of their own volition, rallied, charged again and broke through the cordon of Russians surrounding them. Victor Hugo says that a sergeant saved the day for the British at Inkermann. In accordance with British Army custom of that time, none but the names of commissioned officers were mentioned in dispatches; hence, "Whose names are unknown."

"Who dispoiled the grace of Madonna's face."—A few days before our arrival at Waterloo, a party of students, we were told, cut off the nose and otherwise mutilated the statue of the Virgin.

The story of the great battle has been so often told that it would seem best to refrain from further explanations; so I leave the reader to sit in judgment on this humble effort, hoping for indulgence and trusting in mercy of the Court.

Mari A. Cumming.

To John E. Gavin
with kindly regards
from
Hani A. Comming

The book cover features a decorative border of stylized flowers and vines. At the top corners are two large, five-petaled flowers. The sides are decorated with vertical vines, each bearing a flower and a bud. The bottom is a wide, flowing band of vines and flowers.

The DRUMMER Boy.

Dedicated, in loving gratitude, to
"Dearest of Kin to my heart."

M. A. C.

PS
3505
C8995 d

— I —

THE DRUMMER BOY.

Fond memory guides to-night
Through mists of the days gone by
When I pored by candle light
O'er the stories that made me sigh
And ballads that made me cry,
From a heart emotion torn
With the smold'ring fire of a grand desire
In youth that is British born.

I chafed at my narrow life
And longed to be in the game,
To join in the noble strife
For my country's weal and fame,
To have on her scrolls my name
As one who was in the van
And worthy of those who faced her foes
From Senlac to Inkermann.

The hunger, thirst and the grime,
The march and the weary days,
The storm, the sack and the crime
That is born of battle craze,
The heat and the madding haze
Of the dreary desert path—
Impatient of these my soul I'd appease
With dreams of an aftermath.

THE SERGEANT OF THE LINE.

The days of a bairn were mine
By the Ythan's crystal tide
When a Sergeant of the Line
Marched past with a stately pride,
Though a limp was in his stride—
A man in life's goodly prime,
Whose visage was dark with the witness mark
Of service in Southern clime.

With his scarlet tunic new
And his shako silver bound,
With his red-striped trousers blue,
His waist with a belt was wound,
Pipe-clayed and buckled, and round
His shoulder a sash of sheen—
From plume to his shoon to mine eyes a boon
Was this soldier of the Queen.

Through the Ellon square he strode
On stretch to the Market Brae,
Turning by left on the road
As he hastened up the way,
Past the "Feu House," bleak and gray,
Whose walls in the old time rang
With laughter and shout of the merry rout
When the "Tullochgorum" sang.



"Stories that made me sigh."

(See page i.)

Booths, tents and shows by the score
Were gathered upon the hill;
There was Wombwell's, Ord's and more
That memory fails to fill,
But the Sergeant had his will,
And spake with crowds at the Fair
Of the Kaffir dour and the godly Boer,
The Cape and the Nation's care.

•

The "Fifties" had scarce begun
Ere England had need of men,
For the Blacks had overrun
A part of our Sphere again—
Some African moor or fen
Where the Boer had just inspanned—
So 'twas Hodge and Wat, and 'twas Mike and Pat
And Donald were in demand.

In country and town, the same
At fair or in market place,
The yokel was marked for game,
The farmer's son in disgrace,
The servant without a place
And 'prentice lad were a gain—
To be smartly caught, then hammered and taught
To widen our wide domain.



Smart sergeants, keen to excel,
Were gatherers of the stray,
With many a story to tell;
The younger of service gay—
The elders, medalled and gray,
Discoursed of “The Great Design:”
But of all that band there was none more bland
Than our “Sergeant of the Line.”

In voice that was deep and strong,
With the timbre of command,
He lectured the market throng
Of the Empire’s just demand—
Of love for their native land—
Of service across the sea—
Of honor and fame in the mighty game
Of war, in a fervid plea.

Of the Ind’s mysterious land
He declaimed in awesome way,
Of the mosques and temples grand
And crowds that cheered the day,
When the priests, with great display,
Arrayed in their holy pride
In vestments of white for a solemn rite,
Marched past with a rhythmic stride.



"A Sergeant of the Line."

(See page 2.)

Of service he freely spake—

With Pollock he'd marched away
When the Afghanistan stake

Was lost in a mountain fray,
But regained when our array
Wreaked Somnath revenge in full,

As it crashed a way through the Himalay
And wrecked the gates of Cabul.

Of the soldier's friend he sang—

Sir Charles the just and the brave,
And the vibrant numbers rang

In lilt of a martial stave:—
“Britannia should rule the wave
As pride and hope of the Free,”

With lines that rehearse in jubilant verse
The glory of the Meanee.

With roar of the battle blend

Napier in that rapt refrain—
He sang, “By the River's bend,
At height of the deadly strain,
When the Belooches in vain

Stormed our devoted band,

High over the clang and the shouting rang,
‘Stand children, my children stand.’ ”

Of wounds he'd received a share
From bayonet, sabre and lance,
But so must a soldier fare
When taking a soldier's chance.
His limp forbidding the dance,
The Sikhs could account for that,
Whom Gough overcame and redeemed his fame
On the field of Guzerat.

Sir Hugh was a son of Mars
Who had early learned the game;
Wherever were England's wars,
To Gough it was all the same—
'Twas like him to take the blame
Of Chillianwala's fray,
And like him to praise in generous phrase
The foeman he met that day.

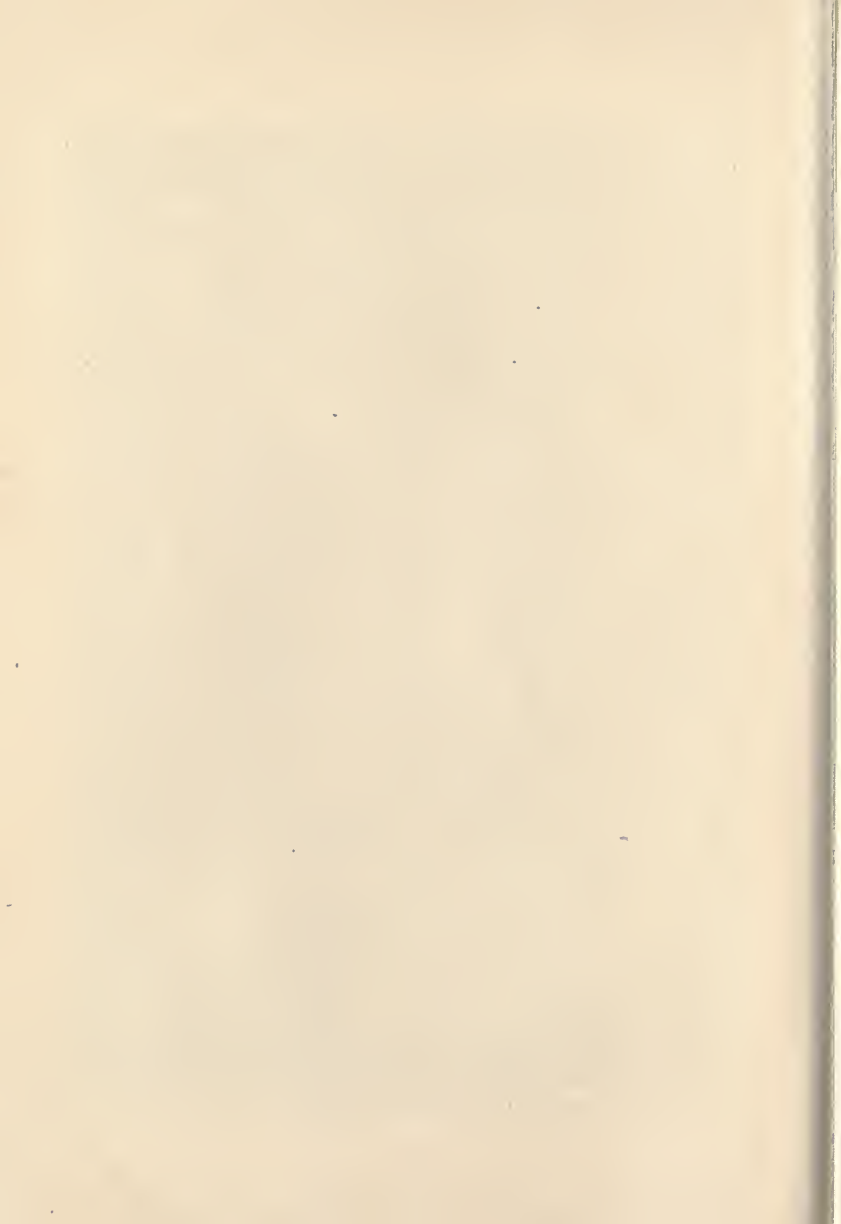
Those Sikhs they were goodly men
Wherever it came to blows,
And should he meet them again
He'd rather as friends than foes.
Should the Empire need repose,
A case that was scarcely yet,
For watch or for ward place the Sikh on guard
And there would be no regret.





"The glory of the Meanee."

(See page 5.)



And bairns with myself at play
Stop short in our play to hear
How the army marched away
When the world awoke in fear.
A lad in his fourteenth year,
Repressing his boyish tears,
In his tunic tight and his apron white
Embarked with the Grenadiers.

As they sailed the summer sea,
While the white cliffs drifted by,
So lonely and ill was he
That a corporal passing nigh,
Hearing a sob and a sigh,
With pity upon his plight,
Sat down by his side like a comrade tried
Consoling him through the night.

Then the landfall came at dawn,
When the troops were rowed ashore,
The glory of England's brawn,
And Sir Arthur led the corps.
How he looked his children o'er,
As they formed and marched away,
With their service packs on their sturdy backs,
From noon till the close of day.

Briefly he told of the toil,
Of the march and rude bivouac,
Of the storm, the stress and moil,
And the dread of the night attack;
His theme was the happy knack
Of veterans in the van,
As men without fear keeping all in good cheer
With jest and the ready plan.

When he spake we held our breath,
Of his part that fateful day,
Of glory and fame and death
That followed the morning gray—
Of the foeman's brave array
When our bugles shrilly blew,
How he rolled his drum when the time had come
For advance at Waterloo.

Though war is the soldier's game,
In peace he may still enjoy
A service that's never tame
And pleasures that never cloy;
A prince is the soldier boy
On shore or on transport's deck,
And welcome his face where he finds his place
In Aberdeen or Quebec.



"When the noble Cathcart fell."

(See page 12.)

At the Curragh of Kildare—
Was ever a camp so gay—
The trip to Donnybrook Fair—
Would he ever forget that day—
The Colleens that lined the way,
The cheers that came from the boys,
Each armed with shillaleh and toggled out gayly
In moleskins and corderoys.

Of station and camp and town
He discoursed in cheerful strain;
For the service of the Crown
Was ever a boon and gain,
And never should youth refrain
When honor was his who tried,
With promotion sure if he might endure
In his military pride.

But some shook heads as they fee-d,
Said some, "Dae ye think we're daft?"
A lassie cried, "Jock, tak' heed!"
While the gillies jeered his craft;
But the Sergeant won his draft,
And marched that night to the Inn
With a half score chiels, wild ranting young diels,
With shillings to aid their din.

When the evening shadows fell
In the lengthened summer days,
We lingered to hear him tell
Of foreign scenes and ways,
And ever in note of praise,
Of the army life or mess,
Till many a blade shook hammer or spade
To shoulder our old Brown Bess.

Some were for the work unfit
And some were redeemed with gold,
But mostly they won their kit
And were gathered in the fold,
To serve, in the heat or cold,
Wherever was England's need,
By the peaceful vine or in battle line
Where phantoms of glory lead.

The Transvaal swallowed Jock,
But Sandy and Jaemie and Will
Were wounded breasting a rock
That frowns on the Alma's rill,
While near the crest of the hill
Whustle-Blink and Birsy fell,
Where the "Forty-'n-twa," sae gallant and braw,
Was harried by grape and shell.



"Aflame with the battle's joy."

(See page 14.)

While scanning the grewsome tale
Of that chill November morn,
When Liprandie made assail
And our lines were thinned and torn,
Some e'en that were fey and worn
Saw Dedzy and Watty and Dan
Stare ghastly the sky where the shells screamed by
On night of the Inkermann.

Of gallant lads of the North
There was one I knew full well—
Mac, bugler, the "Sixty-fourth,"
Whose story is good to tell:
He, on Kushab's gory fell,
Held the Persian breast to breast,
Till hurried relief to his unhorsed chief—
Sir James, of our bravest best.

Were others I may not name,
Impatient, for war was near,
With service by contrast tame,
And duties by contrast drear,
With promise of rank and gear—
O'er-leaping enlistment's bars,
Did battle for right of the Northern might
Beneath the Stripes and the Stars.

Ah, thou "Sergeant of the Line,"
Thy memory craves a tear;
When duty called it was thine
Of the first to volunteer;
Though thy name may not appear
Where official pages tell,
'Twas thine to array and restore the day
When the noble Cathcart fell.

And thine to cheer at their toil
Gaunt comrades in trenches damp,
With hunger and cold for spoil
In their dreary winter camp—
To list for the stealthy tramp
Of the midnight sortie's van,
And in hopeless strife surrender thy life
In ditch of the Great Redan.

A wreath for the Sergeant bold,
And wreaths for lads of the Line,
Whose story is briefly told;
But I would that power were mine
Of words that I might define
The debt that our England owes
To those of her own whose names are unknown,
As flakes of the drifting snows.



"Lads, ye maun dee whar ye stan'."

(See page 15.)

Where the Deveron's shadowed wave
And the Ugie waters glide,
The winds in mournful stave
Lament with the forests wide—
With glory for hope and guide
Their "Flowers" marched down to the Bay—
The glory had been for their Country and Queen
But "The Flowers are wede away."



THE DRUMMER BOY.

There's a painting fires my soul
Of a fair-haired Drummer Boy;
He's beating the forward roll
Aflame with the battle's joy,
While the Grenadiers deploy,
Adept at their soldier trade,
Advancing in line down gory incline
Ranks drest like a church parade.

But it was no church parade,
Though it fell on Sabbath day,
When on hill and dale and glade
Of their England, far away,
There was rest and peace and play
With an ear for priest's rebuke,
But the sweethearts sighed and the mothers cried
For lads with the Iron Duke.

Thou glorious Drummer Boy,
Thy mates of the sturdy limb,
Although service may alloy
Some gloss of their jaunty trim,
They dress by the corp'ral grim—
Such fortune was theirs and thine,
I may never cease though my days increase
To contrast that fate with mine.



THE DREAD OF KINGS.

"He jested with Soult and Ney."

(See page 22.)

Too young to perform a part
In drama of Alma's steep,
I read with a burning heart
The epic of Russia's keep,
How our fellows crossed the deep
With allies that once were foes,
To challenge the pride of the Northern tide
And perish in Crimean snows.

I envied the mountain bred
In their "Thin red line" of war,
Where the Cossacks, grandly led
By the gallant gray Huzzar,
Charged vainly our serried bar
Of Gaelic valor and plan,
When Sir Colin said, ere was bay'net laid,
"Lads, ye maun dee whar ye stan'."

Queen of the North, thou art known
Through fame of thy sons to-day;
Then welcome back to their own
Thy bravest, bearded and gray,
Grim remnant of that array,
Stern knights of the "Vengeance vow"
Who hurried in wrath through the jungle's path
And with Havelock reached Lucknow.

Such yearnings as these were mine,
But alas for cherished dream,
The horizon gave no sign
Nor promise of bark a-beam
For mine Argonaut esteem—
All visions of glory fade
When the stirring note of the trumpet's throat
Gives way to the drone of trade.

I had reached to years mature
Ere fortune, that shy coquette,
Gave heed to a clumsy lure
And spoil to a modest net;
But at last my steps were set,
For the longing ever grew
With the chastened gleam of a boyhood's dream
That beckoned to Waterloo.

Then I bade good-bye to care
And I voyaged across the sea,
To a land of simple fare,
To a land that craves no plea,
For its loyal sons are free,
By grace of sires' endeavor—
May Land of such birth, so favored of earth,
Hold Freedom's shrine forever!



"Yokels from Humber and Tyne."

(See page 27.)

Dearest of kin to my heart,
Eagerly waiting to guide,
While my good ship, true to chart,
Was cleaving the turgid tide
That threatens the banks of Clyde,
Held me at last on the pier
With a grateful sigh while his kindly eye
Distilled from its depths a tear.



BRUSSELS.

Thou City of proud design,
Of false and ungrateful heart,
Strange favor of Fate is thine,
Allotted to bear a part
Immune on debated chart,
Where, never to earn a scar,
Thy paladins' ward is the boulevard
In trappings of silken war.

These airily boast their might,
Reviling the Hand that saves;
Sons of the heroes of flight,
Tapping their tasseled glaives,
Would jeer at Power that braves
A Continent's jealous spleen,
That renders a just accounting of trust
With merciful constant mien.

By this many statued Fane
Observe, as we pass along,
The orderly strife for gain
Of this keenly witted throng,
And the racial talent strong,
Where woman is more than queen,
Of barter and trade, with her canine aid,
While man is despised and mean.



"Weeding and culling with care."

(See page 24.)

Alight, 'tis here we alight—
In this hall of tragic fame
Were gathered on summer night
By the Richmond's stately dame,
Pieces and pawns of the game,
And many who passed this door,
Whom music inspired as the heart desired
Danced blithely—but danced no more.

Heedless of time or of tide
When gaiety flouts the morn,
Pleasure and folly preside
While the fair and brave adorn—
Care shambling in shade forlorn—
But leaning against the wall
Is One speaking low to others who bow
And silently leave the hall.

Make haste to equip and arm
These revelers and away—
The long-roll's dreaded alarm,
Before the breaking of day,
Embattles in brief array
A resolute tried command,
To repair the waste of time by its haste
For the Foe is in the land.

How changed is the prospect now,
No cloud obscuring the sky,
Nor dread of a foeman's vow
Of sack or dispoilment nigh:
Serenely the peasants ply,
While over the route of war,
Where the soldier toiled and the Foe was foiled,
We fare in a cushioned car.





"Thou grim Hougoumont."

(See page 25.)

WATERLOO.

This mound that offends the gaze,
 Cheap boast of vain-glorious man,
Should taste and decency raze
 Its mass and the battle's plan,
 As 'twas when the fight began,
Be restored—historic sense
 Might ignore the flight of inconstant might,
Of gaudy and slim pretence.

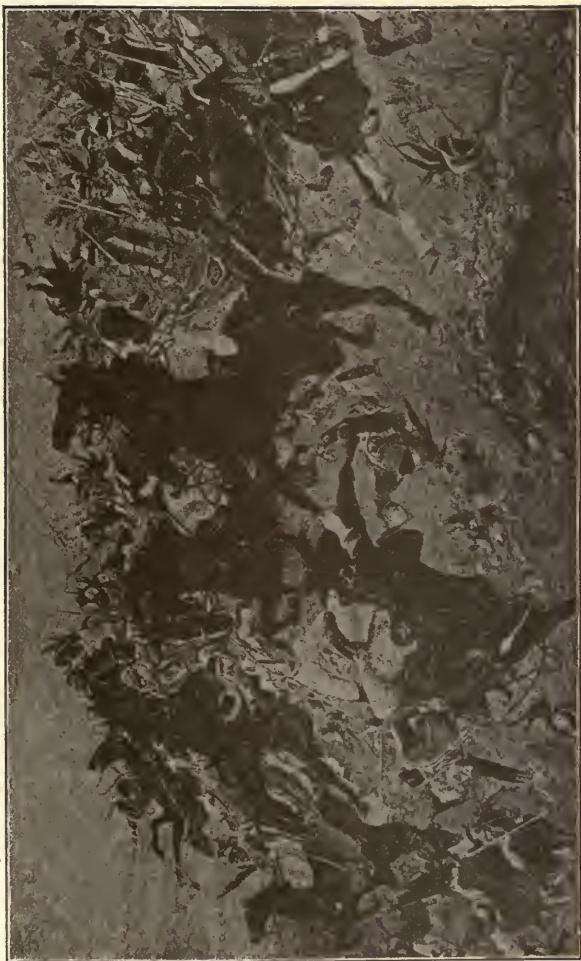
'Tis writ how the Emperor dared,
 'Tis read how the Duke repelled,
'Tis sung how the soldier fared
 As he toiled in attack or held:—
 Where glory's romance is spelled
And the measure of fame is found,
 The insolent bid of that pyramid
Is affront to hallowed ground.

Outlined on the southern sky,
 On crest of a gentle swell,
Thy calm appeals to the eye,
 But for all that calm, La Belle,
 The mind falls under a spell,
While the heart beats high and true,
 For memory brings of the dread of kings
And the Emperor's last review.

From melee of Ligny's fight
Or havoc of Quatre Bras,
All day and far in the night
Veteran and conscript raw,
Still nearer and nearer draw
To the goal by Fate decreed—
Toil wearily on though the day is done
And the tempest mocks their need.

The Emperor braved the rain
And the thunder's roll and crash,
With a god-like proud disdain
He smiled at the lightning's flash:—
To-morrow would bring the clash
Of this favored Child of War,
With a wary foe he must overthrow
And Fortune bend to his star.

Lightly regarding the foe,
He jested with Soult and Ney;
As a gamester dallies a throw
He dallied with chance that day;
Then turned to the grand display
Of his legions marching past,
As they wheeled in place with portentous grace
And formed at the bugle's blast.



"Ride gloriously—to their doom."

(See page 26.)

Afar off on yonder height
He watched the opposing host,
Silently grim in its might
Filing each arm to its post;
Then moved to admire and boast,
To his marshals gayly said,
As the bay'nets massed and the sabres passed
With the guns in brief parade:—

“These squadrons move from the West—
They wheel—’tis admirably done—
They turn and halt—it is best—
They’ll fight, but will surely run:
Before the setting of sun
I’ll drive them before like kine—
I’ll measure the plan of this Englishman—
In Brussels, to-night, we’ll dine!”

Even so was morning spent
Though the rain had ceased to fall,
But the bow was fully bent
And the hunt at ready call,
While the Guardsmen, bronzed and tall,
In reserve for final blow
Of victory, stood in impatient mood
To be hurled upon the foe.

The Duke was alert and ware
Assembling his varied host,
Weeding and culling with care,
Soberly weighing the cost
Where the brave were needed most,
And the doubtful best in place,
That the shock of war might insure a bar
To defection and disgrace.

Though strong his faith in the day,
The measure of chance was dire:
Were marshalled in that array
Many who battled for hire
And quailed at the opening fire—
A mixed and uncertain brood;
But he knew the files from the Western Isles
Would hold or die where they stood.

Fearlessly riding the field,
He guarded with patient care,
Where the soldier's need appealed
He challenged a soldier's share,
In the charge or serried square,
Wherever was danger most;
And when day was done and the battle won
Grieved over the mournful cost.



"Scotland forever."

(See page 27.)

So dreaming on summer day
Of a grand heroic past,
The reverent footsteps stray
Where the trees their shadows cast
On thy walls, which bore a blast,
Thou grim Hougoumont, that swept
With furiant breath of the hounds of death
When Fate her appointment kept.

The portal recalls to mind
In strife for this gloomy hold
How the sappers, carnage blind,
Crashed through these gates and rolled,
In rigor clawing the mold,
At flood of the battle's tide,
How the Grenadiers and their Gallic peers
In grapple of Titans died.

This chapel of modest line,
Whose story hath reached afar,
With its Virgin-guarded shrine
Escaping the wrack of war—
Yet slumbered the power to bar,
In peace, the impious band
Who despoiled the grace of Madonna's face
With sacrilegious hand.

Though closed to the wants of men,
Such memories haunt this well
As quicken the tongue and pen,
And the guides in pity tell
How the mangled ones who fell
Writhed hither in dire request;
Now charged to replete this grewsome retreat
Shields many a mould'ring guest.

Surveying this classic ground
And pacing where squares aligned,
I've fancied the bugle sound
And steel-clad horsemen wind
Through the valley, all confined,
Then open and gaining room,
"Vive L' Empereur!" shout and with sabres out
Ride gloriously—to their doom.

Here fashion a soldier's shrine
On glaxis where Picton fell,
As cheering a slender line
Of Tartans, he led so well:—
"A volley, then charge!" They tell
How the startled foemen saw
Through the flaming smoke, dealing thrust and
stroke,
The spectres of Quatre Bras.



"When Blucher commands."

(See page 28.)

Now turn to the Old Brigade,
It starts at the bugle sound,
For the Royal's course is laid
Where the Enskillings bound
O'er hedge and the broken ground—
The Grays give cry as they score:—
"Scotland forever"—rash the endeavor
And—Ponsonby leads no more!

Still staunch are thy walls La Haye
As they were that sombre morn
When War with his grim array
Seized the courtyard, rude and worn:
Here the Legion, hope forlorn,
Its part in the battle's plan,
Nor in quarter saved nor for quarter craved
But perished all to a man.

Repelling Dubois' attack,
Yokels from Humber and Tyne,
With Kempt and the war-like Pack,
Holding the left of the line,
With Hanover's squares combine—
First blood for many of these,
Yet worthy to train with veterans of Spain—
And few that recrossed the seas.

From dawn of that fateful day,
Impeded by flood and fire,
The Prussians are making way,
For their Leader's words inspire,
And arouse to fierce desire;
Though the woods are stormed and won,
'Tis a soldier's test, and there's none may rest
Where Blucher commands, "Come on!"

A lull in the leaden shower
And the war clouds circling high—
Behold ye our England's power—
The might of her sons descry—
The wrecks of their quarry lie,
A battue of horses and men,
Mound upon mound in ghastly compound,
Never to battle again.

The Duke, aware of the strain,
Heartens his shattered command
In words that are blunt and plain:—
"Though victory is at hand—
Hard pounding is in demand,
But we shall pound longest here."
Repairing their arms, forgetting their harms
His soldiers salute and cheer.



"A gambler's chance."

(See page 29.)

More work remains to be done,
Though guns are broken and mute,
As the rays of the waning sun
Through sorrowful mists salute
The lees of that grim dispute:
He fathoms the Foe's design
And squares disappear, flank, angle and rear
As the files reform in line.

The daylight is failing fast
And the Emperor heeds the hour;
One effort more, though his last,
Ere the shades of even lower,
One desperate stroke for power—
He looks about and above—
'Tis a gambler's chance, but the Guards advance
With cheers for the Chief they love.

The columns descend the vale
And their eagles flout the breeze,
They bear on the crests the tale
Of a score of victories:
The Guards from across the seas
Behold, in the coming tide,
As they sternly form like a gathering storm,
Their rivals in martial pride.

The fife and the drum appeal
As Ney takes ground on the rise,
But the distant guns reveal
Where Bulow has made emprise;
And a bugle trill implies
It's time for the Duke to draw
On the Pride of France—"The Line will advance—
Up Guards and at them—hurrah!"

The storm breaks forth in its might,
The sulphurous pall sinks low,
As through the vanishing light
Death gleans a harvest of woe.
"Surrender, thou gallant foe"—
But Cambronne's coarse reply
Balks merciful ken and these dauntless men,
In scorn of surrender, die.

The volleys hurtle and roar,
The musket is foul and hot,
The lance is adript with gore
And the guns belch grape and shot
Till their answer cometh not,
Then the moon reveals a ward
In hillocks of slain on that haunted plain—
In hecatombs of the Guard!



"The line will advance."

(See page 30.)

Sepulture brief for the dead,
For the victors right of way,
For the vanquished every head
Be bowed—aye mingle the bay
With a myrtle bloom to-day.—
'Twas all in desire to save,
And in Victory's choice may Freedom rejoice
While the brave salute the brave.

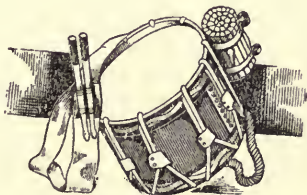
Britannia, thy sons return
And holiday cheers the land,
In triumph thy watch-fires burn
While the poor, the rich and grand
Rejoice with the blare of band
And with banners tempt the wind—
But sweethearts will sigh and mothers will cry
For the lads who were left behind.



AFTERMATH.

When the daily tasks are done
And the evening meal is past,
The grandchildren, one by one
From the eldest to the last,
Beleaguer and hold me fast,
And there may be no release
Till a tale is told of the days of old,
Of love or of war or peace.

Then many a thrice told tale
Is fashioned to meet demand,
But they're sometimes dry and stale
And weary my little band,
So I yield to joint command
The story that all enjoy,
With smiles and with tears for the Grenadiers
And the fair-haired Drummer Boy.





"The story that all enjoy."

(See page 32.)

Copyright 1907
M. A. CUMING

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

NON-RENEWABLE

MAR 13 1992

ILL/BULF
DUE 2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED
REC'D URL

MAY 1 REC'D URL

DL OCT 05 1992
JUN 25 1992

PS

Cuming -

3505

The drummer

C8995d

boy

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 919 777 3

PS

3505

C8995d

University
Southern
Library